

HEALING WATER FOUND AT PARIS

Health-Giving Springs Are Just Discovered.

ARTISTS ARE ALL THE RAGE

Swellom Shows a Decided Preference for Actors, Actresses, and Opera Singers.

PARIS, Aug. 19.—Paris a watering place! It has been on the tapis for a long time, and for about six weeks it has been a fact—and people have been coming to take the waters as they have done at Aix or Vichy.

Suddenly the doctors have discovered healing springs at Chantilly and at Versailles, which are now added to the springs at Enghien, long known for their rich thermal virtues. Each morning trainloads leave with elegant water drinkers or seekers of fresh air on their way to the park of the Grand Conde or that planted by Louis XIV.

The number of French people who have come to Paris this year to undergo a water cure is estimated at some 30,000, and the fashion has been led by the most prominent people in Paris circles. The Duc and Duchesse de Fersen leave Paris each morning to continue their cure at Versailles; the Count and Comtesse Aymery de la Rochefoucauld are staying at Enghien, while Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Harcourt spend their time at Chantilly and its surroundings. And in the evening the lights of this new movement of fashion make rendezvous in the gay and brilliant music halls.

Paris will soon be the first watering place in the world.

Note on Artists.

French women of fashion dote on artists—actresses or singers of repute—and rarely miss an opportunity of placing themselves on line with them. We call this "cabinets"—but the Anglo-Saxon would call being stage-struck. It is an essentially French malady, and in high society we are in fact so intoxicated by it that it governs all our acts almost without our knowledge—so much so that it actually dictates the choice of the resorts where we shall pass the summer months.

Every Parisienne who can be labeled of the fashionable coteries, and who has the slightest pretension to a voice, no matter how feeble, feels an imperative need, as soon as the second fortnight of July arrives, to have herself sent by her doctor to drink or bathe in the waters of Mount d'Or, which is the rendezvous of all the relaxed throats in the world.

And there the curious spectacle is witnessed of marquises and duchesses feeling themselves stricken with the same malady in order to be confused by the public in the category as the actresses and singers. And, as is the case at the present moment, the Vicomtesse de Tredern walks arm-in-arm with Mademoiselle Beval of the Opera, or the Comtesse de Guerne makes the halls of the Casino ring each evening with her impassioned notes in response to those of Jean de Resais.

For the time actresses are taken for princesses and marchionesses for artists, and all are pleased with their game of make-believe.

The Little Widows.

French society keeps in its bosom four persons whom it commonly denominates its little widows—four choice beings, creatures of charms, to whom it would seem society has made up its mind it has a duty to perform, that of causing them to forget their past disappointments by all sorts of gallant and passionate devices.

At the head of the "little widows" is the Comtesse de Cosse, a passionate Wagnerian, the nymph of music. Then comes the Comtesse Gaston de Gontaut, whose husband was one of the most spiritual men in French society; the Comtesse Joachim Murat and Mme. Micholstein, talk Chevrene, who is an Orange was proclaimed queen of the court of love and poetry.

These four hold a position quite their own in the fashionable world, and they are considered to be so enviable and are so run after that no society is complete without one or more of them. And it is looked upon as the duty of society to make and keep them gay and happy. Also once a month a day is set aside for each of them a new husband, whom, it is hardly necessary to say, they have never dreamed of taking.

Shah a Unique Tourist.

The Shah of Persia, who is within our walls, came here uniquely as a tourist, and as such he is regarded rather than as a political man. The Shah is a tourist quite of his own kind; he does not like solitude, and therefore, he is accompanied by a suite of eighty persons—visitors, secretaries, actors, butlers, musicians, and so on.

The proprietors of the Elysee Palace Hotel, where he is staying, has taken in this little army for a lump sum. For the "prix fixe" of \$150 a day his majesty and all his followers are lodged, boarded, and supplied with carriages. Each Persian works out therefore, that about \$15 a day is a day's life. One asks oneself, indeed, if the monarch of such a magnificent kingdom does not think it a little humbling not to be priced higher. The Shah, however, reverges himself in the grand manner of his extensive shopping in the best stores of the city. There is scarcely an "article de Paris" which he does not buy, no matter what the price may be. Therefore, his majesty is very popular, and his competition of monarchs in Paris. I fancy he would not be far off being "facile princeps."

Mlle. Bartet Great Artist.

Mlle. Bartet is a great artist, and I feel it an honor to be one of her admirers and friends, and I have been for many years. But I cannot congratulate her on the distinction which she has just gained, and this is why. Mademoiselle has been made a "knight" of the Legion of Honor by the government. If she has ten times more talent than she has I should not approve of the measure which places in the same category the brave soldier who has shed his blood for his country and the woman who for twenty years has each evening made us laugh or weep.

Not that the latter are to be despised, but they are different, and they belong to the public, who claim the right of paying for their ten-franc place of an evening to applaud or to jeer. And the point is this—any one who has been marked by national approval, as has a recipient of the Legion of Honor, has not the right to exhibit himself for public approval or the reverse. If ever the United States creates orders of merit of this nature, I am sure they will have the good sense not to rank actors and soldiers on the same footing.

MATTHEW A. STELLANE.

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WHERE MANY WASHINGTON GIRLS ARE SPENDING THEIR VACATIONS



THE GOLDENBERG COTTAGE AT COLONIAL BEACH.

An Adamless Eden, in Which There Is No Evidence of Grief Manifested at the Absence of the Masculine Sex.

These Girls Spend Their Summer in Adamless Eden

Goldenberg's Employes Given Vacations in Swell Cottage Run by the Firm at Colonial Beach—Great Success.

A SURE CURE.

Bailly Moore—What's the matter, old man? You look as if you had the blues. Calvert, Jr.—I have. Think how many years I've been working and saving and trying to complete a home, and then I look at my scantily furnished apartment.

Bailly Moore—Now, old man, I know a sure cure for that feeling. Rent a house somewhere and start to move, and you'll find that you've succeeded in accumulating more household goods than anybody else in town. And next day when the bill for moving comes in you'll be surer than ever of it.—Baltimore American.

"Where shall I go for my vacation?" is a question so hard to answer that a great many who really need the change as well as the rest that vacation ought to imply give it up and don't go. It's a great pity, for change is almost as important an ingredient as rest in the composing of a satisfactory vacation. It is a question which Goldenberg's has undertaken to answer for as many of its women employes as want them to—and the answer has been satisfactory to as many as have tried it. For once in their lives they are glad they are women and eligible. The firm has established a summer cottage at Colonial Beach, and is running it for the benefit of its girls. And Colonial Beach is to Washington what Atlantic City is to Philadelphia—the Mecca of summer pilgrims. But it is a place which many a girl, even among those who like to boast that they "don't have to" work for their living—looks at with longing eyes, and decides she can't afford it. The Goldenberg girls can afford it—thanks to the firm.

All Can Afford It.

Early in the summer a cottage was leased down there, in the hope of solving the summer vacation problem for the young women who work in the big store. It was fitted up as carefully with as much thought for the comfort and pleasure of its expected guests, as any down there run "for revenue only." And it certainly has been well patronized. Every week since its opening it has been crowded to its utmost capacity. And there isn't another cottage down there whose boarders are so thoroughly satisfied with their accommodations. The iniquities of the proprietor are so prolific a subject of conversation in the average summer boarding house, that having eliminated it one wonders what the girls find to talk about. But they are a merry, chattering lot. And when they come back to work their sunburned faces, and bright eyes, and generally improved appearance bear eloquent testimony—which their nimble tongues corroborate—to the "simply grand" time they have been having.

An Adamless Eden.

It is an Adamless Eden—the cottage, not Colonial Beach—and it will doubtless be a shock to the masculine contingent that a bunch of girls can have a simply grand time when they are eliminated from the perspective. But there seems no reasonable room for doubt on the subject—the evidence is too overwhelming. And there are occasional gay skirmishes in the halls, and easy gossiping in doorways, in costumes that are so far from being strictly according to Hoyle, that if there were "a lot of men folks bothering around" they would have to cut that sort of thing out altogether.

Going in Relays.

All summer long the girls have been going down in relays—most of them for a two weeks' sojourn in the soundless sea. Taking them this way, the firm has been able to accommodate nearly all who wanted to come. This season the venture has been in the nature of an experiment. Next year it is proposed to have a much bigger cottage for the girls.

Every effort has been made to keep the cottage free from institutionalism and make it absolutely the girls' summer home. There is no cottage at the beach better appointed than this. And it is not poked off in some out of the way corner, in a dreary, glaring patch of sand and salt grass. It is in one of the very best locations down there, convenient to all the amusements of the place, and well shaded. It has roomy verandas, and plenty of hammocks, where the girls can loaf in the open air, and draw in health and strength with every breeze. There are plenty of books and magazines for those who care for them—and for those who like to be always up and doing there are all sorts of out of door sports.

Best of Bathing.

The bathing is of the best. The house has its own bath houses, so that the girls have every facility for the daily dip. If they care for sailing and fishing they are to be had at rates that are within the reach of all. If they care for dancing they are at liberty to join the sliding throng at the pavilion, while those who prefer a quiet evening at home will find that music and singing,

books and games keep the cottage from stagnation after supper.

And neither supper nor any other meal is a thing to be scorned. The cuisine is one that would accede decidedly to the attractions of many of the expensive boarding houses at the beach. They have a really excellent cook, and the farmers of the surrounding country seem to take pride in supplying this particular table with the freshest and best of their butter and eggs and milk and the finest of their vegetables, fruit, and poultry.

Not Paying Proposition.

No attempt has been made to make the summer cottage a paying proposition—to anyone but the girls. A minimum sum is charged for board—a sum that the smallest salaried employe of the big store can afford to pay. The Goldenbergs do not expect this sum to pay the expenses of running the establishment. They make a charge simply to eliminate from the minds of the girls any idea that they are being made objects of charity. There is nothing that a self-respecting, self-supporting young American girl resents more than any such suggestion. And it is a proper pride which any firm is glad to respect. As President Roosevelt has said, "The man—or woman—who allows himself, or demands, to be carried, is not worth carrying." And the Goldenberg girls are not of that type. They are simply ready to take the helping hand that the firm holds out to them.

And the firm knows that while the cottage may not pay, dollar for dollar, what it loses in cold cash it more than makes up in the cheerful energy of its service, and the renewed strength of the employes, for whom it has answered the frequently unanswered question of where to spend their summer vacations.

BINKS' TELEPHONE.

There is a telephone in their residence, and as it is used principally by Mrs. Binks and her friends it is perhaps natural that it should be identified solely with Mrs. Binks, and that Mr. Binks, well, Mr. Binks answered when the bell rang a few nights ago and this is the conversation that took place:

"Hello!"
"Well?"
"Is this Mrs. Binks?"
"No."
"I mean is this Mrs. Binks' telephone?"
"No; it's the company's."
"Well, is this Mrs. Binks' house?"
"I don't know. I'm beginning to think that perhaps it is."
"What?"
"Yes, I suppose it is. Everyone seems to think it is, anyway."
"Is Mrs. Binks' daughter there?"
"No."
"Who is this?"
"Oh, this is only Mrs. Binks' husband, the father of Mrs. Binks' daughter, the man who lives in Mrs. Binks' house, and occasionally drives Mrs. Binks' horse. She got him with the house, you know."
"Oh, she did."
"Yes, she did."
"Rough on Mrs. Binks, isn't it?"
That telephone will probably be taken out of the house.—Tribune.

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MISS ROOSEVELT WILL APPEAR IN VAUDEVILLE

Boston Girl Who Declares Herself to Be President's Cousin to Make Her Debut in a Short Sketch at Hammerstein's Theater.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—Miss Gertrude Roosevelt, who says she is a cousin of President Roosevelt, will make her vaudeville debut at Hammerstein's Victoria Theater on May 11 in a short sketch called "Kitty Clive."

Miss Roosevelt is a woman of exceptional beauty and refinement. At present she lives in Boston with her mother, who is said to be averse to her daughter appearing on the vaudeville stage.

While Miss Roosevelt has never attempted a variety sketch, she has been behind the footlights. Seven years ago she assumed one of the principal roles in "Why Smith Left Home," in which Macklyn Arbuckle was featured. When the company went abroad Miss Roosevelt went with it and was well received in London.

"It is true that I am a cousin of the President," said Miss Roosevelt when

seen at the Gregorian on West Thirty-fifth street, "but I do not wish to depend upon that fact to obtain an engagement. My mother and I, I presume, other members of my family are averse to my returning to the stage, particularly vaudeville, and they are doing what they can to prevent it. I am bound to succeed, however."

It is understood that members of the Roosevelt family deny that any relationship exists, but when the young woman was appearing in "Why Smith Left Home" she was generally known as a cousin of Theodore Roosevelt. There was no denial at that time. Regarding the matter, Mr. Hammerstein says that all he knows about it is what the young woman has told him.

After Miss Roosevelt returned from London she posed for Chicago and Alton railroad posters.

SELTESE TRIBE HELD ITS REGULAR MEETING

The regular meeting of Seltese Tribe, No. 16, Improved Order of Red Men, at 322 Louisiana, avenue last Tuesday's evening, was largely attended, notwithstanding that a number of members are out of town. Great Sachem of the District D. J. Marvin, who is a member of Seltese Tribe, will leave Monday for Bluemont, Va.

The reports of the officers of the tribe indicate strongly its progressive conditions. A number of palefaced were spoken of as becoming members, and would be ready for adoption in the near future.

The Red Men's excursion to Marshall Hall was very successful, and the several tribes and councils of the District were much benefited thereby.

Interesting addresses were made by Great Sachem D. J. Marvin, Past Sachem Andrew W. Reynolds, A. H. Regan, and Great Junior Sagamore Wheeler, of Sioux Tribe, No. 18.

MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON IS MOTHER'S LEGATEE

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The will of Mrs. Helen L. Johnson, filed for probate in Brooklyn, gives her handsome home at Bay Ridge to her son, Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland. The assessed value of the realty left by Mrs. Johnson is \$100,000. Her personal property amounts to \$25,000.

The will reads: "I give the homestead to my son Tom, inasmuch as it was his money that paid for it in the first instance."

The beneficiaries include the children of the late William Johnson, who was a brother of Mayor Johnson, and who died recently. They will receive a third of the estate and \$7,514.88 from their father's share.

Mayor Johnson is made sole executor.

PIERPONT MORGAN HAS SENTIMENT

Example of Love for His Dead Father.

SAVED PATERNAL HOME

Keeps Old London Mansion as It Was When the Old Man Died.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The name of J. Pierpont Morgan is not frequently associated with real sentiment.

That the great financier is a lover of art and an admirer of the beautiful is well known, but a story comes from London in connection with his recent departure from King Edward's capital which shows a new face of the many-sided character of this remarkable man.

It appears that, for the sake of his father, a man must have a strong love of sentiment and imagination, and this latest story of Mr. Morgan would seem to offer proof of the truth of the statement.

AN IRISH STATE.

The German banker of Church street loves to tell the story of the two Irishmen who discussed the "rationality of the American States." Said Pat: "Faith an' be jabbers, if this grate country ain't overrun wid th' Irish, an' yit out o' thirty-two States in th' Union not wan has an Irish name." "Sure an' yer wrong," replied Mike. "What's the matter wid O'Regan?"—New York Press.

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An excellent round top, quartered oak Extension Table, highly polished; five neatly carved legs; regular \$11.00. Cut price... **\$9.75**

Highly polished, quartered oak Extension Table; worth \$20.00. Cut price... **\$19.50**

Handsome Varnish Martin finish Iron Bed; new pattern; worth \$19.00. Cut price... **\$11.75**

Pretty Brass and Enamel-finish Iron Bed; elaborate scroll pattern; worth \$16.00. Cut price... **\$11.50**

New scroll design Enameled Iron Bed; continuous bent-tubing posts; very substantial and rigid; worth \$8.50. Cut price... **\$4.95**

Our special White Enameled Iron Bed; very neat and attractive; durable and sanitary; regular \$3.00. Cut price... **\$1.19**

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